



CAUSTICKS
Applied to the
CAUSIDICADE,

To discharge the *Malignity* with which that
lawless Libel is so redundant.

With REMARKS upon the POETRY of *Bavius Causidicus*.

g



1743

.....

CAUSTICS

Applied to the



CAUSTIC MADE

To discharge the Malignity with which that
Always Laid is so redundant.

With Remarks upon the Poetry of Burns's Captain

.....

K

CAUSTICKS

— Applied to the

CAUSIDICADE,

To discharge the *Malignity* with which that
lawless Libel is so redundant.

With REMARKS upon the POETRY of *Bavius Causidicus*.

Qui *Bavium* non odit, amet tua Carmina *Mævi*;
Atque idem jungat Vulpes, & mulgeat Hircos.

VIRGIL.

— *Bavius*! strike *Faults*, but spare the *Man*,
'Tis *base* to be as *stand'rous* as you can.
Satyr recoils whenever *charg'd too high*,
Around your own *Fame* the fatal *Splinters* fly.
As the *soft Plume* gives *Swiftness* to the *Dart*,
Good Manners sends the *Satyr* to the *Heart*.

— He that filches from me my *good Name*,
Robs me of that, which not enriches him,
But makes me poor indeed.

SHAKESPEARE.

By FLAVIUS FLAP-BUGG of *Barhard's-Inn*.

K

L O N D O N:

Printed for M. COOPER, at the *Globe* in *Pater-noster-Row*. 1743.

[Price One Shilling.]

C A U S E S

Applied to the

CASIDICAD E

To discharge the duty which it is
his duty to perform.

With Remarks upon the Poetry of Robert Curjel.

433317



—Darius! Ruler of Persia!

God blesses the Sun to the West.
As the Sun gives strength to the East,
Around your own I am the last
Light comes whenever I am the last.

Take me of that which no earthly man
—Its stars shines from the good Virgin

• 354396371172

That makes me poor indeed.

BY FLAVIUS FLAP-BUCC & COMPANY'S-INC.

L O N D O N

Printed for M. Cooper, at the Globe in Peter-ngher-Row. 1743.

[Price One Shilling.]



CAUSTICKS, &c.

THE ordinary Reason given for not answering some public *Writers*, and punishing some public *Sinners* is; that they are not worth our *Notice*; that is, the one is beneath the *Regard* of the *Learned*, and the other of the *Magistrate*. There are yet other Arguments offered, and those are, that if you chastise either, by raising them to the *Pillory*, *Cart*, or *Gallows*, it will be only raising them in the Opinion of the *Rabble*. And to whip a *Wh--t--ld*, or a *W--st--ley* for *Phrensy* or *Enthusiasm*; or rather for forming and prosecuting *Schemes* to raise and to collect Money from the Multitude by false *Tokens* and *Pretences*, would be only making *Saints* and *Martyrs* of them among the *Canaille*; and shew they are worth the Consideration of some body besides their *Dupes*, the *Mob*.

Now for my Part, my time lying pretty heavily upon my hands, and seldom committing my *Reflections* into *Actions*, and only privately weeping for the *Wicked*; I will, for once, to avoid the Imputation of *being good for nothing*, because I have *nothing to do*, speak to the Public upon Paper, as

A

Mr.

Mr. *Pope* has it; especially since, in all this time, none of the *special Pleaders* or *special Draughtsmen* of the Law, have drawn any *Answer* to a certain scurrillous *Bill* exhibited against them, for which they are in *Contempt*, because all the Town charge it with *Scandal* and *Impertinence*.

He must be a very painful Person to *himself*, who is of a malignant and malevolent Nature to *others*; even when he restrains and confines its Effects and Impulses within the Compass of his *own Mind*; but when a *Malbouche*, as the *French* phrase it, a *Foul-mouth*, a Rabble-writer draws upon him the general Hatred and Contempt of *Society*, by publick and open Scurrilities and Abuses, *his Guilt must gnaw him with a Sharper Tooth*, as *Shakespear* expresses it.

I am led into these Reflections by the reading of a very unpoetical Piece of Poetry, called the CAUSIDICADE: The Author of this pitiful Poem discovers neither *Skill* nor *Manners* in this Performance; which puts me in mind of a *lawless Lout*, who, some Years ago, publish'd a scandalous, licentious Libel, and for its *Rudeness*, intitled it *Manners*; but the Author of *Manners* had some Poetry, some Spirit, and some Salt in him; but this *new-fangl'd Satyr*ist before us, is not only a dull but a daring Fellow, and falls foul upon one of the greatest Personages, as well as one of the greatest Genius' for general Knowledge, Eloquence, and Elocution in the Realm.

This unskilful and unknowing Creature insinuates, that the present Lord Ch—ll—owes his high *Station* and *Distinction* to what this *Libeller* calls *Good-Luck* and *Good-Fortune*; — these are his Words,

Lo! the *President* sat! the *Son of Good-Luck*,
Whom *Fortune* wrapt early up close in her *Smock*.

So

So, according to this *Spark*, his Lordship's deservedly and gradually ascending to high Honours and Dignities, was the Effect of Good-Luck. — But this indeed is not *worth any Answer or Notice*, because it is not saying *any thing*, not even to any Purpose at all.

We are in like manner to suppose that the *Pulchritude* and *Gracefulness* of this Great Man's *Person*, which he animadverts upon in the following Lines, were purely owing to *Good-Luck* and *Fortune's wrapping him up early in her Smock*, and preserving his Face from the Small-Pox, and from being Sun-burnt. — *Risum teneatis Amici?*

“ So handsome he look'd, thus equip'd on the Bench,

“ You'd have sworn 'twas Lord *Fanny*, or some *pretty Wench*!

—— Lord *Fanny*, or some *pretty Wench*!

These Fellows learn to slander from one another. My Lord Ch—ll—r has likewise a certain *FORTUITOUS Sweetness* in his *Voice*, that is *disagreeable* to this Author. — But my Eyes and Ears are pain'd while I read him.

“ He open'd the Cause why they met, with a *Voice*

“ So wond'rously *sweet*, and *peculiarly choice*.

——— with a *Voice*

——— so *peculiarly choice*!

——— *Risum*, again?

I wonder by what Luck or Good-Fortune this Creature commenced to be such a *wondrous choice* Poet; for could any Wretch but himself write such wretched Stuff as this?

“ A

" A Nosegay, compos'd of the Flow'rs of the Fields,

" And eke of the Gardens, he daintily weilds.

" *And eke of the Gardens, he daintily weilds!*

Was there ever such a hobbling-*Hopkins* and *Sternhold-Fellow*! He hawls in Words *by Neck and Shoulders* merely and palpably to rhyme to one another.

—Observe,

———— with a Voice,

———— peculiarly choice.

———— Flow'rs of the Fields,

———— he daintily weilds.

To *weild* a Nosegay! — To weild a Spear, Scepter, &c. I have heard of; but how skilful, how manful, and poetic does he weild his Pen! — But my Reader must be as impatient as myself to behold these Absurdities! I will therefore pass by his Rhyming, it being as unhappy as his Understanding. But before I quit this well-natur'd Author, this tuneful Bard of ours, upon Account of his Indelicacies to my L—d Ch—ll—r, I appeal to my Reader, whether he does not in effect call him an *Unlearned Dunce* in the following Lines; I say, I appeal to my Reader, and lay the Lines before him, that he himself may judge and determine from them.

" For the Man, he declar'd, whose Pretensions were best

" Should enjoy the *Inquisitor's Office* and Vest.

" And not to discourage th' *Unlearned* or the *Dunce*,

" He said he'd been honour'd *himself* with them once.

Intimat-

Intimating that any *unlearned Blockhead or Dunce* need not be dishearten'd or despair of having the *Inquisitor's Office and Vest* confer'd upon him, since *even my L—d Ch—ll—r himself*, had once been honour'd with them. — But this truly Great Man's Parts and Abilities are too well known to the World to suffer any Diminution from the Pen of this mean Slanderer.

But what makes this Creature still the more shocking is, that he has had the Effrontery and Audacity to make my L—d Ch—ll—r speak most of the *Nonsense and Slander* contained in his pitiful Performance.

“ How now, quo' my Lord, may a *Bagpipe* ne'er charm me,

“ If our Courts ben't as full of the *Scots* as the Army.

Again,

“ Think you ev'ry *conceited, pragmatical Fellow*

“ Is to make his Pretensions, *because he can bellow?*

Again,

“ Not your *Modesty* makes you of th' Office fall short,

“ But that you are really too *impudent* for't.

Yet according to this riff-raff Rhymers neither *Modesty* nor *Impudence* are Qualifications for the Office of S—l—r Gen—l; for but a little afterwards, the Objection against another Gentleman is,

————— “ that he was really *too modest*.

Well!

Well! Sure the Reader must see that he is the *oddest, immodest* Writer that was ever read; and therefore to shew the Reader the Difference of my Spirit and that I would rescue *Great Names* from the filthy Fingers of this *whiffling Witling*, and speak, as I ought, with Decency and Deference of one of the *greatest Characters in Great-Britain*, as my of L-Ch---ll-r surely is, I will not resist the Impulse I have upon this very proper Occasion, of justly applying to that *Nobleman* the Character given to one of his Predecessors, by one of the best Judges of Men that ever wrote; I said *justly to apply the Character*, but I will go further, and appeal to all the World, whether it is not the *very Character* of the present L-d Ch---ll-r H---dw---ck.

“ The just Application of those high Accomplishments
 “ of which your Lordship are Master, has been an Advantage to all your Fellow-Subjects; and it is from the common Obligation you have laid upon all the World, that I,
 “ though a private Man, can pretend to be affected with
 “ them, or take the Liberty to acknowledge your great
 “ Talents and public Virtues.

“ It is a pleasing Prospect to your Friends, that is *the Friends of your Country*, that you have passed through the
 “ highest Offices at an Age, when others usually do but
 “ form to themselves the Hopes of them. They may now
 “ hope, as they warmly wish, to see you in the House of
 “ Lords as many Years as you were ascending to it. It is
 “ our common Good that your *admirable Eloquence* can
 “ now no longer be employed, but in the Expression of
 “ your own Sentiments and Judgment. The *Skilful Pleader* is now forever changed into the *just Judge*; which
 “ latter Character your Lordship exerts with so *prevailing*
 “ *an Impartiality*, that you win the Approbation even of
 “ those

" those who (if any) Dissent from you, and you always
 " obtain Favour because you are never moved by it.

" When we attend to your Lordship, engaged in a
 " Discourse we cannot but reflect upon the many Requi-
 " sites which the Vain-glorious Speakers of Antiquity have
 " demanded in a Man who is to excel in *Oratory*; I say,
 " my Lord, when we reflect upon the Precepts by view-
 " ing the Example, though there is no Excellence proposed
 " by those *Rhetoricians* wanting, the whole Art seems to
 " be resolved into that one Motive of Speaking, *Sincerity*
 " *in the Intention*. The graceful Manner, the apt Gesture,
 " and the assumed Concern, are impotent Helps to Per-
 " suasion, in Comparison to the honest Countenance of
 " him, *who utters what he really means*; from hence it is
 " that all the Beauties which others attain by Labour, are
 " in your Lordship but the *natural Effects of the Heart*
 " *that dictates*.

" It is this noble Simplicity that makes you *surpass*
 " *Mankind* in the *Faculties*, wherein *Mankind* are distin-
 " guished from other Creatures, *Reason* and *Speech*.

" If these Gifts were communicated to all Men in pro-
 " portion to the Truth and Ardour of their Hearts, I
 " should speak of you with the same Force as you express
 " yourself on any other Subject. But I resist my present
 " Impulse, as agreeable as it is to me, tho' indeed, had I
 " any Pretensions to a Fame of this kind, I should above
 " all other Themes, attempt a Panegyrick upon you, my
 " Lord; For the only sure way to a Reputation for Elo-
 " quence, in an Age wherein *so perfect an Orator as you*
 " *live*, is to chuse an Argument upon which you yourself
 " must of Necessity *be silent*."

I am,

My Lord! &c.

If

It must be very disagreeable to me and the Reader to turn our Eyes from so pleasing a Subject, as the foregoing, to this paltry Poem again; but however before I venture further into the flagrant and flagitious Falsehoods contain'd in this phlegmatick Performance I will *tread the Ladder true*, and first examine the Title-Page of it. — *Causidicus* is, indeed, the *Latin* word for a *Lawyer*, a *Pleader*, a *Counsellor*, &c. from *Causa* and *dico*; from whence our *DetraCTOR* casually caught the Title of this motley Piece, and to make himself appear an Author of some Note and Consideration, he has added, forsooth, *ade* to it, to make it *Causidicade*, in Imitation of the *Iliade*, *Æneid*, and the modern *Dunciade*, &c. Nay, I am informed, he has, *in petto*, another Performance, of the like Excellence, *for the Benefit of the Clergy*, and is to be called the *Clericade*; for it is an expected Transition from the *Law* to *Divinity*.

But how shall I prevail upon the Reader to let me lay before him his,

Dramatis Personæ.

Devouring Bears	}	Beasts, Birds, and Vermin of Prey.
Hungry Wolves		
Cheating Foxes		
Biting Badgers		
Sucking Hedgehogs		
Thieving Weasles		
Gnawing Rats		
Ravenous Vultures		
Voracious Kites		
Gripping Hawks		
Greedy Rooks		
Gobbling Jack-daws		
Chattering Magpies		

Basilisks

Basilisks	}	Poisonous Vermin.
Cockatrices		
Serpents		
Snakes		
Adders		
Spiders		

Bless us! what a frightful String of strange Names are here! I shudder and tremble at the Sight of them! — Alas! how they Roar! how they Howl! how they Gnaw! how they Bite! — How industrious he has been in collecting and assembling together such a Number of cruel, atrocious Existencies: He has searched *Earth*, *Sea*, and *Air* for them. — And are all the Gentlemen of the Law, in his *Comico-Dramatical* Farce compared to all these noxious Creatures! what are they all Beasts, and Birds of Prey, and poisonous Vermin! — Good lack! well! I could not have thought it!

Oh! here's the Scene too!

The Scene, a large, spacious *Salon*! decorated with *Galic*, and *Istheric* Spoils.

Fools, Bubbles, and other Waiters and Attendants, Plaintiffs, Defendants, &c. passing and repassing.

But what most of all astonishes me is, how this *wayward Wight* of mine came to be possess'd with such a cruel and implacable *Spleen* and *Spight* against the several Persons of his *Drama*, or from whence could this *Spleen*, this *Spight* arise? It *should* be from some personal Wrongs and Injuries done him by all the *Causidici* lampoon'd in his Libel,

B

but

but that is utterly improbable from such a Number of worthy Gentlemen, to one single worthless Wretch as our *Defamer* must be; therefore the Reader and I must bring him in guilty of *unjust, ungenerous, and undeserved Defamation.*

It cannot be supposed (though I write this Paper against him) that I can owe this disingenuous Libeller any Diskindness; for I know him not; and therefore my Resentment towards him arises from my general and constant Hatred to Injustice and Ill-nature; and I shall convince my Reader from time to time, as I go along, that I shall behave with all possible Fairness and Candour towards this Rhymers of Rhymes; though I shall, as I have done, treat him with such Appellations of Contempt as I think he deserves, and be very sparing and frugal of my Compliments and Concessions to him, while I prosecute him for his *lawless Lays.*

But before I proceed further I will observe thus far upon the Subject of Satyr in general, 'That *good Nature, good Sense, and good Manners* are essential Qualities in a true and just *Satyr*: These Qualities produce in the Person that possesses them, an honest Contempt and Disdain of what is base and vicious; and therefore it is not to be wonder'd, if such a one is found to express himself with Smartness and Poignancy against the *Errors*, without Bitterness against the *Persons* of Men; he laughs at them genteelly, like *Horace*, but without Anger.

" For manly Satyr I would *Buckhurst* chuse,

" The *best good-natur'd* Man with the *worst-natur'd*
Muse.

Another

Another Poet says, that

“ *Good Nature and good Sense should ever join.*

But our barbarous *Bavius* here, for want of *Good Luck*,
Good Fortune, or something, unluckily happens to have —
neither of them

“ Perverted by thy *Libel* is this Line

“ *Good Nature and good Sense should ever join.*

“ Alas! 'tis true, and that 'tis true, it's pity,

“ That * *Bavius* only aims at being — witty.

And though he and most of the Gentlemen abused by him
are as utter Strangers to me, as I am to him and them; yet
I will, at least, shew that I have *good Nature* enough in my
self to hate the *Want* of it in others; and it is therefore that I
resent the wanton Wrong this *Pretender* to Poetry has done
to others, as if done to myself.

Non licet Carmen fieri ad alterius Injuriam.

TULL.

In vain a Poet's sacred Name you boast,
Of Fame ambitious at another's Cost.

* *Bavius* and *Mævius* were two sorry, silly, four Poets, like ours here; who
annoy'd and infested *Virgil* and *Horace*, and were detested by them, and whom
Virgil, in his third *Bucolic* paid off with this Hemistick,

Qui Baviæ non odit, amet tua Carmina Mævi.

A well-natur'd Man cannot, without a generous Resentment, behold a futile, fustian Fellow, for the Sake of a few Guineas for the Copy of a pitiful Pamphlet, give Sorrow and Afflictions to the tender Hearts, and bring Tears into the lovely Eyes of the *Wives* and *Daughters* of the Gentlemen, whom this libertine Creature has taken such indecent Liberties with; for such *Relations dear*, as *Milton* says, must naturally *feel* the Effect of such Outrages more *exquisitely* and *tenderly* than the Gentlemen themselves, who from a superior Strength of Mind deride such vain Attempts upon their *Quiet*, and disdain to punish such an *impudent* as well as *impotent Railer*; such a *Stoat* as has got in among the *Ermines* of the Law, and there *ferrets* and *slinks* them; for it is very plain he must be of the Profession, attends the Courts, and is acquainted with the Persons and Proceedings there, which I shall, as I go along, point out to the Reader, and likewise further remark upon the Poverty of his Poetry, and that it is owing to his being so qualified that he is able to make the following particular Observations upon Persons and Things; *viz.* concerning Mr. L—y's being a constant *Nisi-prius-Man*.

“ Pert L—y push'd on; see, my Lord, here I come,
“ Above all *Nisi-prius-Men*, much the *best Drum*.

Observe the Elegance and Accuracy of his Poetry,

———— “ here I come,
———— “ the best Drum.

And then he makes my L—d Ch—ll—r reflect upon him thus:

—— “ his

————— “ his Lordship reply’d,
“ I find you are no Conjurer nor Prophet *beside*.

What! not a *Conjurer* nor a *Prophet beside*! — Well!

—— The wonderful Works of Nature!

Of Mr. *Ch—te* he says,

————— “ and, tho’ he can’t cite,
“ A Case at a Pinch, he can make one out-right.

Well! that is some Merit however. — But that such a Reviler should dare to observe upon a Gentleman of one of the *best* and most *antient* Family in *Britain*.

The mild and meek Method in which Mr. *Ow—n* addresses my L—d *Ch—ll—r*, is indeed something like what our *Lampooner* sets down for him.

“ If that be the Case, cries out *Ow—n*, my Lord,
“ *I humbly beseech you to spare me a Word.*

The following Lines explain themselves, and shew how well our *Smoker* here knew the Spirit and Genius of Mr. *B—tle* and the late Lord *L—chm—re*.

“ And as to the Prize in Contention, d’ye see,
“ The *Resigner* has made it *unworthy of me*.
“ ’Tis the *Post* that wants *me*, not *I* want the *Post*,
“ By your under-hand Dealings *T—m B—tle* you’ve lost.
“ Besides, whoe’er has it, must act by *Directions*,
“ Like *L—chm—re* I scorn to be curb’d in my *Actions*.

He

He insinuates that the late L--d Ch--ll--r T--lb--tt did not understand the *Common Law*, nor had ever read a *Common-Law-Book*, nor could read a *Record* in the *Court-Hand*.

“ And therefore he'd often been put to a Stand,
“ Had F--z--k--r--ly drudg'd not and lent him a Hand.

There is not any thing offends my Nature more in this saucy Satyrift, than a certain Cruelty and shocking Rudeness in his Expressions and Descriptions.---That generous Gentleman A--b--l K--t--l--by, Esq; whose Eyes are now sadly impair'd by great Study and old Age, who never rejected nor neglected a poor Man's Cause, because he could not pay him his Fee, but always supported the *Injur'd* and *Indigent* with his *Advice* and *Charity*, I say his aged Looks could not, it seems, be represented by this impious Fellow but in the following cruel manner :

“ Up K--t--l--by starts with an *horrible Stare!*

———— an *horrible Stare!*

This barbarous Bard has likewise taken Care to point out these last two elegant Words to the Reader, by putting them into *Italicks*, as being, he supposed, remarkably beautiful and just upon the Occasion. — But let this *Whiffler* remember that the Want of *Manners*, and *tender Humanity*, as well as the Want of *Decency*, is the Want of *Sense*. — You see, Reader! and must see with Indignation, that this *Demagogue*, this rude Writer, jests, and endeavours to be witty, upon

upon the *Infirmities of old Age!* which further shews what I asserted before in this Paper, that this shallow Fellow wants those essential Qualities of a just and true Satyrist; *i. e. good Nature, good Sense, and good Manners.*

He has likewise attack'd and reflected upon this Gentleman in another Point, and which I think to be a very tender Point; He says, in Effect that the Ch—v—l—r is his K—g; his Words are these;

" I've puzzl'd against * you this eight Years or nine,
" You, my Lord, for your K—g, I Ab—l for mine.

Mr. M—lls, from a certain Weakness in his Voice, is compared to my L—d Ch—f J—st—ce W—, or an old Woman pent up in a Butt? and from his *Officiousness* to *Stump*, who used to call and open the Coaches at *Westminster-Hall* Gate,

" He opens their Coach-Doors, just as you do your Box,

" Like you he accost them, and like you he talks.

—————just as you do your Box,

—————and like you he talks.

There is Poetry for you, Reader!

I am transported at the very appearance of *Truth* and *Justice*; but who could have thought of finding even the Shadow of either of them in this *Work*; and yet here we have some faint Prospect of them, tho' nothing to the aimable Figures *They*, and the other Virtues make in the Life and Conduct of Mr. W—l—br—m;

* *i. e. My L—d Ch—ll—n.*

" Next

" Next *W-l-br-m* attempted, but could not apply,
 " As if he conceiv'd the Promotion too high.
 " Of Success very diffident fain had withdrawn,
 " 'Till his Lordship t'encourage him, bid him go on.
 " Such Parts, such Endowments, and Skill in the Laws,
 " As, my Lord, I'm possess'd of, scarce merit Applause.
 " Sir, answer'd Lord President, as to your *Merit*,
 " 'Tis too well establish'd and known you should fear it.
 " But there's an Objection, I own, of the oddest,
 " Which stands in your Way—you're really too modest.
 " It requires *Assurance*, and one who can push on,
 " As witness the Wight who was last in Possession.

Our Master *Bavius* has impotent and impudent Malice
 enough to impute to our Fathers, Sins they never com-
 mitted, and then to visit them upon the Children, for
 speaking of Mr. O—d, he says;

" To mention your Father indeed you ought not,
 " His Fun'ral Proceffion will ne'er be forgot.

Perhaps his Father could not live free from the *Envy*
 and Detraction of the *Mob*, no more than his Son, and the
 other great Names and good Characters could escape
 being aspersed in the CAUSIDICADE by this dirty Dabbler
 for

————— *Slander,*

Whose *Head* is sharper than a *Sword*, whose *Tongue*
 Out-venoms all the Worms of *Nile*, whose *Breath*
 Rides on the *posting Winds*, and doth belye
 All Corners of the *World*, *Kings*, *Queens*, and *States*,
Maids

Maids, Matrons, nay, the Secrets of the Grave
 This viperous Slander enters. —————

SHAKESPIARE.

Pauses, or Breaks in Speaking and Writing have been acknowledged to mean and convey more than the most expressive Turns of Speech can possibly do, as our *Imaginations* exceed our *Expressions*; and these *Pauses or Breaks* are made use of, either when the *Writer or Speaker* cannot give us the *Signs* of their *Ideas*, as *Locke* calls *Words*, or when they *dare not* do it; for one of these Reasons the Reader must imagine there is something daringly dreadful or basely beautiful couch'd in the following *Stellate Lines* of our Author. — Therefore let Mr. *H—m—to* tremble! here they are! and let the Reader make the most of them,

* * * * *

Alas! who is safe, if Gentlemen are thus to be silently slander'd! — By this time the Reader must be both tired and satisfied from the tedious Recitals I have made that our Poet is of the Profession of the Law: He might indeed have known perhaps that Mr. *Ow—n* is a Dissenter, or that Mr. *P—n—sf—t* and Sir D. *R—d—r* were designed for Dissenting Preachers and the like little Circumstances, had he been but a *Cobler*, but could not possibly be acquainted with the particular Matters before quoted unless of the Profession, conversant with the Gentlemen of the Bar, and an Attendant on the Courts; But whoever he is, he puts me in Mind of *Fly-Blow*, and is as like him, as if that great *Characteristic-Painter*

C

Isaac

Isaac Bickerstaff had drawn him from his Life and Conversation; for this low Author has taken great Pains, and been very industrious in collecting this FARRAGO of Scandal. Nay to do him Justice, I appeal to the Reader, if he has not been so industrious as even to go out of his Way to fetch this Heap of *Filth*; for I am satisfied that not *one fourth* of the Gentlemen he has slandered ever dreamt of being S—l—r G—r—l, or have ever been mad enough to stir a Step to obtain it, therefore they should not have been lampoon'd upon that Head; for, without naming a great many others, Mr. Ow—n, Mr. W—ll—r, and Mr. L—y are not at all disappointed nor disturb'd that Mr. M—r—y has obtain'd that Preferment—Oh! I had like to forgot laying the Picture of *Fly-Blow* at full length before the Reader upon this very fit and proper Occasion.

Fly-Blow is a *Knave*, tho' he is the weakest of *Fools*; he has got by Rote, and at Second-hand all the Foibles of every Person of Figure, Knowledge, and Virtue in Town: Name a Man of Worth and this Creature will tell you the worst Passage of his Life: Speak of a beautiful Woman, and this Puppy will throw some base Blemish upon her. He is a *Fly* that *feeds* upon the *fore Part*. He is known by his frequency of pronouncing the Particle *But*. A Gentleman was saying in Company, where a young Lady was, that she had *Wit, Good Humour, Virtue, and Friendship*; this Oaf replied, *But* she is not *handsome*; which the Lady over-hearing, said, *Coxcomb!* the Gentleman only said what I *was*, not what I *was not*.

And now because this silly, saucy Fellow of ours will be dabbling in Dirt, and to shew that the Point of his *salutary Satyr* is now turn'd against himself, I will, for his Instruction and Confusion, give him an Example of a true and

and well-pointed Satyr, by turning loose upon him a few Lines of Dryden's *Mac Flecknoe*, and at the same time let the Reader see how well a *Cap* made by that great Master of *Parnassus* will fit him;

- " *Bavius* alone, of all our Bards, is he,
 " Who stands confirm'd in full *Stupidity*.
 " Others to some faint meaning make *Pretence*,
 " But *Bavius* never deviates into *Sense*.
 " Some Beams of *Wit* on other Souls may fall,
 " Strike through, and make a *lucid Interval*.
 " But *Bavius* swore, nor has he sworn in vain,
 " THAT he till Death true *Dulness* wou'd maintain.
 " With whate'er *Gall* thou set'st thy self to write,
 " Thy toothless *Satyr* never yet cou'd bite.
 " With whate'er *Venom* thy foul Passions rise,
 " It fills thy Pen—when put on Paper—dies.
 " *D'Urfy* and *Davies* were but *Types* of thee
 " Thou last great Prophet of *Tautology*.

I will only say in Excuse of this imperfect Performance that it was wrote in as many of the leisure Moments of six and forty Hours, as my Sleep and my Pipe would permit, so *sat cito' si sat bene*. I own myself of such a Nature as cannot be so undisturb'd and unfeeling as to observe great Characters and good Names traduced by so trifling a Writer, without running into such Expressions as are only peculiar to Authors of his Stamp and mine; and the Reader knows that it is conformable to *Horace's* Law of Writing, *Sumite sermonis vestris qui scribitis ad personam*, i. e. suit your Language to your Person; and it is usual for People to throw the *Dirt* upon the *Dunghill*; besides the
 Reader

Reader cannot be surpris'd to find me call my Brother-Writer here, *Creature, Fellow, &c.* when he recollects how he has treated the Gentlemen mentioned in the CAUSIDICADE, particularly my L—d Ch—ll—r whom he has had the daring Insolence to compare to the servile Creature whose Name ends the first of these two Lines,

“ The President met him, and crouch'd like *Spaniel*,
 “ Pray what is your Pleasure, quo' he, my Lord D—l?

The Reason, indeed, why I did not plague the Press and the Reader sooner was, that I expected some *abler Pen* would have punish'd this futile Fellow long e'er this; tho' at the same time I verily believe at last, I am the fittest Person to deal with him, as being as daringly dull as himself; for he and I are as well pair'd as old *Penkethman* and his *Ass*, of mirthful Memory.—
 Lo!

Beaumont and Fletcher thus coupl'd together.

And to leave the Reader *con la bocca dolce*, as the *Italians* have it, I will paradise a little for that Purpose

Bavius and I each other must expose,
 This Fool in Verse makes me a Fool in Prose,
 Each has an awkward Itching to deride,
 And fain would be upon the laughing Side,
 There *Bavius* scribbles in *Apollo's* Spight,
 Here I remark as bad as he can write.

12 JU 62

F I N I S.

